

a.

And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was I know not
 where When I was stamp'd; some coiner
 with his tools Made me a counterfeit⁸:
 Yet my mother seem'd The Dian of that
 time : so doth my wife The nonpareil of
 this.—O vengeance, vengeance ! Me of
 my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, And
 pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn⁹; that
 I thought her

See also, Jlhodomont's invective against women, in
 the Orlando Furioso; and above all, a speech
 which Euripides has put into the mouth of
 Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name.

STEEVENS

7 — We are bastards all;] Old copies—We are *all*
 bastards. The necessary transposition of the word
 —all, was Mr. Pope's.

STEEVENS.

s — was I know not where
 When I was STAMP'D ; same COINER with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the
 same Image in Measure for Measure :

*<-----It were as good

" To pardon him, that hath from nature
 stolen " A man already made,, as to remit **
 Their saucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's*
image, ** *In stamps* that are forbid."

MALONE.

This image is by no means uncommon. It
 particularly occurs in Burton's Anatomy of
 Melancholy, Part III. Sect. 3 : " Severus the
 Emperor in his time made lawes for the restraint of
 this vice; and as Dion Cassius relates in his life,
tria millia moechorum, three-thousand cuckold-
 makers, or *natures monetam adulterantes*> as Philo
 calls *them*, *false coiners* and clippers of nature's
 mony, were summoned into the court at once."

STEEVENS. 9 Me of my lawful pleasure she
 restrained, And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: DID IT
 with A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't

^" Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] A
 useless note on this speech [by Mr. Whalley,]
 which would make our poet equally vulgar and
 obscene, when he was expressing a sentiment of
 the most refined delicacy, may be well dispensed
 with in any future edition. DOUCE.

I have not hesitated to adopt Mr. Douce's
 suggestion. Mr. Whalley's imaginations must
 have been ^{tr} as foul as Vulcan's